

HOPPY TOAD TALES

BY

WILLIAM A. HENNESSEY



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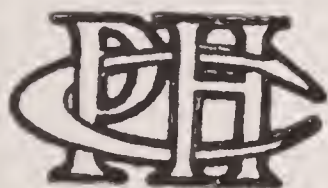
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Hoppy Toad Tales

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BY

William A. Hennessey



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HOPPY TOAD GETS LOST

Hoppy Toad was a wee bit of a toad who had only recently seen the light of day.

One day he strayed away from his home—a hole in the ground, at the roots of a tree. In doing so he disobeyed Ma Toad who told him to play close to his home.

He hopped along through the woods, often stopping for a while to eat insects which happened across his path. Coming to the edge of the woods he saw a bull-frog heading his way, though he did not know what it was. He had never seen one before and was quite frightened.

“Guess I’ll turn around and go back home,” he said to himself.

He started hopping back through the woods as fast as he could, but the bull-

frog, having seen him, hopped after him.

“Wonder what that young toad is doing around these parts; he is too small to be hopping through these woods,” thought the bull-frog. “Guess I’ll follow him and see what he’s up to.”

Hoppy Toad, not knowing he was followed, hopped along hurriedly. Coming to a neck of the woods where there were paths leading in all directions he became confused.

“I don’t remember coming by these paths,” he mused. “I don’t know which one to take. I wish I had obeyed mamma and played around home.”

Night was fast nearing; in fact the sun was slowly sinking below the tall trees.

The bull-frog, noticing Hoppy Toad hesitate, leaped forward and soon reached the spot where Hoppy Toad was. Hoppy Toad, on seeing him, shook all over with fright.

"Don't be scared," said the bull-frog. "I won't hurt you. What is your name?"

"Hoppy Toad," was the timid reply.

"Billy Bull-Frog is my name, Hoppy Toad. You seem to be lost. Am I right?"

"Yes! I live close to a pond. My home is a hole in the ground, at the roots of a tree."

"How did you happen to land way over here?"

"I didn't obey my mamma; that is how I happened to hop along through the woods. I thought I would be all right."

"I know where you live, Hoppy Toad. I'll show you how to get back home."

"That makes me feel happy, Billy Bull-Frog. I had almost given up hopes of ever getting home again."

They retraced their hops back through the woods a bit, until an opening was reached.

"There," said Billy Bull-Frog, "you just scoot along through that opening and follow your nose. It is a short cut to your home. In the future do what your mother asks you to. She knows best."

"I will, Billy Bull-Frog. Thank you for your kindness in showing me the way back home. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Hoppy Toad."

Hoppy Toad hopped along toward home as fast as he could hop. The hoot of an owl startled him at times, but he kept hopping along, finally reaching his home, tired and seeking forgiveness.

Ma Toad was happy when he hopped into his home as was Pa toad.

"Forgive me, mamma," said Hoppy Toad.

"I will, Hoppy, but you must obey me in the future. Did you get lost?"

"Yes! If it hadn't been for Billy

Bull-Frog I never would have been back."

Moral: Obey your parents.





HOPPY TOAD'S NARROW ESCAPE

One day Hoppy Toad was basking in the sun. So interested was he in taking his sun-bath, he failed to notice two rough-looking boys who were coming toward him.

One boy said to the other: "Go easy, Jack, maybe we can catch him. I have long wanted to get one of these toads; they make good pets; one can have lots of fun with one."

These words were spoken in a near whisper and Hoppy Toad heard him not. The biggest boy of the two crept along slowly, making as little noise as possible. The smaller boy remained a few feet behind, prepared to give chase to Hoppy Toad should he happen to notice the attempt to capture him and make an effort to escape.

The big boy crept along so carefully that Hoppy Toad was entirely ignorant of the danger facing him. He continued to bask joyfully in the sun.

"This is easy," said the big boy. "He doesn't have the least idea there is a person around to disturb him. I'll have a great time with him when I get him tamed."

He was now within a few feet of Hoppy Toad, and ready to capture poor Hoppy, who was still enjoying the warmth of the sun's rays.

The big boy was in the act of reaching for Hoppy Toad, when a bumblebee stung him on the arm, causing him to let out a wild scream that startled the smaller boy. As a result Hoppy Toad hopped off to safety, while the big boy, crying from the pain of the sting of the bumblebee, ran as fast as his legs would carry him for home. The small boy followed him fearful that he, too, might be stung by the bumblebee.

Hoppy Toad looked around for the bumblebee who had rescued him, for he wished to thank him for the timely rescue. He spied him on a branch of a wild rose bush nearby and hopped gleefully to the bush to give him his thanks for the rescue.

“Mr. Bumblebee,” he said, “I want to thank you for saving me from the hands of that boy.”

“That is all right, Mr. Toad,” he replied, “but hereafter keep your wits about you; there may not always be somebody around to rescue you.”

“May I ask your name?” said Hoppy Toad.

“Jimmy Bumblebee is my name,” was the reply. “What is yours?”

“Hoppy Toad.”

“Well, Hoppy Toad, I have a favor to ask of you. As a reward for my saving you I want you to promise me that you will not eat any more honeybees; they have very important work

to perform in this world, and when you eat one of them there is just so much lost. They are useful because they supply the kiddies and grown folks with honey. Will you promise me?"

"I will, Jimmy Bumblebee, and I'll tell other toads and frogs not to eat any more honeybees or bumblebees."

"Thank you," was Jimmy Bumblebee's farewell as he flew off in an easterly direction.

"Well, Hoppy Toad," said Hoppy to himself, "you are a lucky boy to be free."

He hopped into his home and told Ma and Pa Toad of his rescue by Jimmie Bumblebee.

"Just do as Jimmie Bumblebee told you to; keep your wits about you and you will be all right," said Pa Toad.

Moral: Always keep your wits about you.





HOPPY TOAD TO THE RESCUE.

It was a clear, cool day in early spring; the trees were budding a wee bit, and the birds were on the wing from the South.

Hoppy Toad, who had been confined all winter to his underground home, was a happy fellow when once again he breathed the good fresh air.

He hopped into the pond joyfully and enjoyed a good long swim; then he chatted for a while with the frogs and young tadpoles.

“My, but I’m a happy boy,” he said to himself.

Hopping along the ground close to his home—he never had strayed away since he got lost in the woods and Billy Bull-Frog showed him the way home—he was startled to see Bunny

Rabbit running toward him as fast as his legs would carry him.

As he neared Hoppy Toad, Hoppy shouted, "What is your hurry?"

Bunny Rabbit replied, "Tommy Ferret is chasing me; guess he is hungry and wants to make a meal off me. I can't hold out much longer."

Hoppy Toad said, "Scoot for that opening in yonder tree; he will never find you there."

Bunny Rabbit wasted no time in doing what Hoppy Toad told him to, and was soon safely lodged in the tree. It was a good thing that he did, for a moment later, Tommy Ferret, with red eyes that seemed to pop right out of his head, came into view.

Noticing Hoppy Toad, he stopped, and asked, "Did you see anything of Bunny Rabbit? He came this way, I think."

Bunny Rabbit, from within the tree, shook all over; he was afraid

that Tommy Ferret might find him in his hiding place. But here was where Hoppy Toad saved him.

In reply to Tommy Ferret's question, Hoppy Toad said, "I saw Bunny Rabbit run by here a few minutes ago; he was going like a streak when he passed me, and headed up yonder road."

"Thank you," said Tommy Ferret. "I'll soon have him for a meal; he must be about all in by this time."

He again took up the chase, and was soon lost from sight in his journey up the road where Hoppy Toad had told him Bunny Rabbit was scampering along.

"It's all right, Bunny Rabbit," said Hoppy Toad, "come on out, Tommy Ferret is on a wild goose chase after you."

Bunny Rabbit, still shaking with fright, came out of his hiding place and ran to where Hoppy Toad was.

He said, "I don't know how I can

ever repay you for saving me. When Tommy Ferret finds that you fooled him he is apt to make it unpleasant for you."

"I'll watch for him closely; I always keep my wits about me."

"Well, I guess I'll head for home; I live in the middle of the woods. May I ask your name?"

"Hoppy Toad is my name; I guessed yours was Bunny Rabbit. Am I right?"

"You are right."

"Does Tommy Ferret know where you live?"

"I don't think so. Why do you ask?"

"I didn't know but what he might drive you out of your home if he did. He is pretty foxy. Why don't you change your home to another part of the woods? He may know where you live at that."

"That is a good idea, Hoppy Toad. I'll do it right away; I think Ma and

Pa Rabbit want to move anyway. I guess I'll run along."

"Good-bye, Bunny Rabbit," said Hoppy Toad.

"Good-bye, Hoppy Toad," said Bunny Rabbit. "I'll always think of you as the fellow who saved me from the clutches of Tommy Ferret."

Moral: Lend a helping hand to those in need.





HOPPY TOAD MEETS SALLY WOODPECKER

Hoppy Toad was hopping along through the small stretch of woods near his home one day when he was scared out of his wits. Something fell from the branch of a tree and landed on his back, then rolling over on to the ground.

It was several minutes before Hoppy Toad recovered from the shock. Looking around, he spied a bird with a long, sharp bill lying on the ground. It seemed to be helpless.

“What’s the matter with you?” asked Hoppy Toad.

“I’ve hurt one of my wings; that is what made me fall from the branch of the tree and land on top of you. I’m sorry it happened.”

“That’s all right,” said Hoppy Toad.

"I'll see if I can't help you get the wing fixed so you can fly again. What is your name?"

"Sally Woodpecker. It will be very kind of you if you can find someone to fix my wing. My but it hurts!"

"My name is Hoppy Toad. I'll go get Dr. Pheasant. He will fix the wing for you in a jiffy."

Hoppy Toad hopped off through the woods toward the pond just beyond the entrance to the woods, thinking he might find Dr. Pheasant there. Sure enough he did.

"Doctor," said Hoppy Toad. "There is a woodpecker in the woods with a lame wing. She can't fly. Can you help her?"

"I guess I can, Hoppy Toad," said Dr. Pheasant, "Lead me to her."

Hoppy Toad hopped through the woods, followed by Dr. Pheasant, until the spot where Sally Woodpecker was lying was reached.

“I’ve brought Dr. Pheasant to fix your wing, Sally Woodpecker,” said Hoppy Toad.

“That is really kind of you,” said Sally.

Dr. Pheasant looked at the lame wing and said, “I can fix it, all right.”

In a few minutes Sally Woodpecker’s wing was fixed so that she could fly again.

“I’m thankful to you, Dr. Pheasant, for fixing my wing, and I want to thank you also, Hoppy Toad, for your kindness in getting a doctor.”

“You musn’t fly around too much, Sally,” said Dr. Pheasant. “Give it a chance to mend a bit.”

“I’ll do as you say, Dr. Pheasant. Will there be any need of me having you again?”

“I don’t think so. If there is, just tell Hoppy Toad. He is always hopping in and around the woods, and knows better than anybody where to find me.”

"I'll hunt Hoppy Toad up if anything happens, believe me, doctor."

"Well, I've got to call on some sick ganders now. Excuse me, please!"

Dr. Pheasant strutted away leaving Hoppy Toad and Sally Woodpecker by themselves.

"Well, Hoppy Toad, I guess I'll fly to my nest and take things easy for a while. Good-bye and good luck," said Sally Woodpecker.

"Good-bye and good luck to you, Sally Woodpecker," said Hoppy Toad.

Sally Woodpecker flew from the ground a few feet to test her wing, and finding it all right, flew off in a westerly direction to her nest.

Hoppy Toad hopped toward his home satisfied that he had performed a good deed. Ma and Pa Toad were pleased when Hoppy Toad told them of his aid in fixing Sally Woodpecker's wing.

"I'm proud of you, Hoppy," said Pa Toad.

Moral: A good deed is always worth while.





HOPPY TOAD AND BIMBY SQUIRREL

One day Hoppy Toad was hopping along in the grass near Tadpole Pond when he was surprised to find himself resting on the bushy tail of a squirrel.

The squirrel, who was in the act of cracking a nut, turned his head to see who was on his tail; it startled him quite a bit and caused him to drop the nut.

“Pardon me,” said Hoppy Toad.

“That’s all right,” said the squirrel. “You gave me quite a scare, though. I thought it was someone after me.”

“What is your name?” asked Hoppy Toad.

“Bimby Squirrel,” replied the squirrel. “What is yours?”

“Hoppy Toad,” said Hoppy.

“I’ve heard of you,” said Bimby

Squirrel. Billy Bull-Frog told me something about you once. I believe he showed you the way home one time when you got lost in the woods. He lives near me."

"How is Billy Bull-Frog these days?" asked Hoppy Toad.

"He has been under the weather a bit lately; he doesn't seem to know what the trouble is," said Bimby Squirrel.

"That's too bad. I'll bet Dr. Pheasant could help him."

"I don't know but what he might; I've heard he is a good doctor."

"None better. If I go get him will you show him the way to Billy Bull-Frog's home?"

"I'll do it, yes. But you must hurry. Ma and Pa Squirrel will be worried about me if I don't get home soon."

Hoppy Toad was off like a streak to where he thought he might find Dr.

Pheasant. He found him heading toward home and stopped him.

“Oh, doctor,” said Hoppy Toad, “I’m sorry to bother you, but I’ve a friend—Billy Bull-Frog—who once did me a good turn, and he has been sick for quite a spell. Will you go to him and see if you can help him?”

“I will go right away, Hoppy Toad,” said Dr. Pheasant. “I always like to help those who are sick.”

Dr. Pheasant followed Hoppy Toad until they reached the spot where Bimby Squirrel was waiting. Bimby Squirrel was introduced by Hoppy Toad to Dr. Pheasant and they started for Billy Bull-Frog’s home. After a journey through the woods they reached the home of Billy Bull-Frog.

Bimby Squirrel left them there and hurried home; before leaving he told them of a short cut back home. They found Billy Bull-Frog flat on his back.

"What is the trouble?" asked Hoppy Toad.

"I don't know what the matter is, 'Hoppy Toad,'" said Billy Bull-Frog. "What are you doing way over here anyway?"

"Bimby Squirrel told me you were sick; so I've brought Dr. Pheasant along to see if he can't help you."

"That is very thoughtful of you," said Billy Bull-Frog.

Dr. Pheasant got to work on Billy Bull-Frog and soon found out what the trouble was.

"You need a rest," said he, "you have been working too hard lately."

"Is that all there is wrong with me, doctor?"

"That is all. You rest up for a month and you will feel better."

"Thank you, doctor, and you, too, Hoppy Toad, for your kindness in getting the doctor."

“That is all right,” said Hoppy Toad,
“we are pleased to be able to help you.”

They bade Billy Bull-Frog good-bye
and departed for home.

Moral: If someone does you a good
turn, repay it if you can.





HOPPY TOAD SAVES JENNY WILD DUCK FROM AN UNTIMELY END.

Jenny Wild Duck was a short-legged water-fowl who took great delight in gliding along the waters of Tadpole Pond.

One day she spied some hemp-seed lying on the surface of the pond, and after it she went. Hoppy Toad, who chanced to be enjoying a swim in the pond, noticed a trap had been set for her, and swimming to her side, he whispered a warning."

"Don't bother with that hemp-seed," he said, "else you will soon be a dead duck."

She was rather startled by Hoppy Toad's words of warning, but she obeyed him, gliding away from the hemp-seed swiftly. Hoppy Toad swam

along behind her until an out-of-the-way cove was reached.

"How did you happen to discover that there was a trap set for me?" asked Jenny Wild Duck.

"I always keep my wits about me," said Hoppy Toad. "I watched two men set out a decoy early this morning—I'm always up bright and early. I thought that they were after wild ducks like yourself, for Pa Toad has often told me of these decoys, and how they try to trap innocent wild ducks."

"I am a thousand times thankful to you for saving my life," said Jenny Wild Duck. "I'm afraid I will never have a chance to repay you for your kindness."

"That is all right," said Hoppy Toad. "I don't expect you to repay me for doing my duty."

"That is a good way to look at it," said Jenny Wild Duck. "I'll have to

warn my husband, Johnny Drake, to steer clear of the decoy."

"That is a good idea," said Hoppy Toad. "The both of you had better keep your eyes open in the future and not be led into a trap. It is a shame that human beings should use such unfair means to trap innocents who never harm or destroy anything."

"It doesn't seem right," said Jenny Wild Duck, "but some people don't know right from wrong."

"Very true," said Hoppy Toad. "It's too bad that someone couldn't teach them right from wrong."

"It isn't much use to try and teach them; a person has got to have a bit of common sense more than anything else," said Jenny.

"That is right," said Hoppy Toad. "After all it is nearly all common sense; if people would only stop and think a while they would soon see where they were doing wrong."

"True," said Jenny. "That's just what they don't do; they don't stop to think."

"Well, I guess I will hop around on the shore a while if you'll excuse me," said Hoppy Toad. "You might tell me your name, though, before I go."

"Jenny Wild Duck," was the reply. "What is yours?"

"Hoppy Toad."

"Well, good-bye and good luck," said Jenny Wild Duck.

"Good-bye," said Hoppy Toad, "keep your wits about you."

Jenny Wild Duck rose from the still waters of the pond and flew off. Hoppy Toad lost no time in swimming for the shore, where he was soon hopping along through the grass.

"I feel very happy," he said to himself. "And why shouldn't I; didn't I do Jenny Wild Duck a good turn? Isn't that what we live for; to help those who are in need?"

Moral: We can help someone every day if we will only have the will.





HOPPY TOAD AND BILLY CROW.

In the vicinity of Tadpole Pond there was a large farm. On this farm the owner made a specialty of raising corn, potatoes and other crops which he sold in the nearby towns. In other words the farm provided a living for him.

Now there was a black crow—Billy Crow was his name—and he caused this hard-working farmer all kinds of trouble. He would dig up the seeded corn with his long beak; naturally the corn wouldn't grow and the farmer of course lost quite a bit of money.

The funniest looking scarecrow you ever saw was placed in the corn-field to scare Billy Crow away. But strange to say, Billy Crow didn't scare a bit. He would fly all around the scarecrow; he would even light on his arms and roost there for quite a spell. Then he

would dig his beak into the ground and steal the corn seed.

The farmer got pretty well discouraged. It seemed as though he would have to stop planting corn until Billy Crow stopped thieving, and the only thing that would do that would be the killing of this troublesome black crow. Now the farmer was a good-hearted man and he didn't want to kill him. So Billy Crow kept right on stealing the corn seed.

One day Hoppy Toad happened along by the corn-field, and he noticed Billy Crow in the act of digging up the corn seed. He hopped into the field where the thieving black crow was. Billy Crow, on noticing Hoppy Toad, was not at all pleased at his presence. In fact, he was very mad.

Hoppy Toad gazed at him for awhile, and said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. The idea of stealing corn seed from the hard-working farmer

who is trying to make an honest living.”

“But he raises more than he can use, doesn’t he?” asked Billy Crow.

“Indeed he doesn’t,” replied Hoppy Toad. “He needs all the corn he can raise.”

“I wouldn’t have stolen it if I had known that,” said Billy Crow.

“That is no excuse for stealing, Mr. Crow. I wouldn’t want to be called a thief.”

“I suppose that I have been doing wrong all along. You see I was brought up to steal; I never have done anything else.”

“Why not turn over a new leaf, then, and live a good honest life? It isn’t too late.”

“I’ll do it. From now on I’m going to be an honest crow.”

“You will be much happier, Mr. Crow, I assure you.”

“I’m glad you happened around and put an end to my thieving. I feel very

happy in the thought that I'm going to be a good crow in the future."

"Well, Mr. Crow, I must be going now. Remember your oath taken before Hoppy Toad."

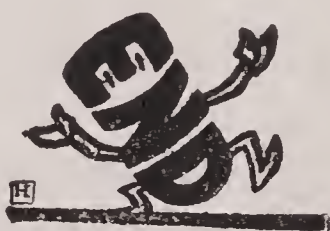
"I surely will," replied Billy Crow ere he winged his way toward home.

Hoppy Toad, happy with the thoughts of having reformed a thieving black crow, hopped along gleefully toward home.

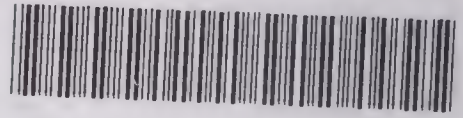
In his underground home he told Ma and Pa Toad the tale of his success in pointing out the right path to Billy Crow. Naturally they were pleased.

As Pa Toad said, "Hoppy Toad, you are a good Samaritan. I'm really proud of you."

Moral: Honesty reaps a worthy reward.



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